



The Lais

Near PRIMROSE HILL.

THE morning smil'd serenely gay,
All nature beam'd de'i ht,
The songsters hail'd the birth of May,
Each prospect charm'd the sight;
Twas then I saw a love'y maid,
And think I see her still,
In all the pride of youth display'd,
The lais near Primrose Hill

Health bloom'd the virgin's cheerful face,
And mirth inspir'd her tongue,
Blithe as the Goddess of the chase,
She tun'd her artless song;
How charming was the pleasing maid,
I think I see her still,
In all the pride of youth display'd,
The lais near Primrose Hill.

Sweet sung the linnets and the thrush,
Upon the bending spray,
And vocal was each vernal bush,
In rapture with the May;
Enraptur'd then I view'd the maid,
And think I see her still
In all the pride of youth display'd,
The lais near Primrose Hill.

